Vol II. LITERARY TABLET. No. VI.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

—ORIGINAL—

Virtus conciliat amicitias et conservat.
Cic. De Amicitia.

Virtue procures friendship and preserves it.

No expression could be more just. Whoever would rear a fabric of true friendship must make virtue the corner-stone. If you would form useful and permanent connections, associate not with those, who are destitute of benevolent affections, and actuated only by selfish motives. Shun the miser, that detestable being, whose every power is exerted in the accumulation of wealth. Shun, too, the fawning parasite, who meanly solicits favor of the great, but who is often, like the hungry hound, that growls for food, and bites the hand that feeds him.—Avoid him, who is criminally ambitious in the pursuit of fame. He effects his designs by the basest means. To promote a favorite plan, in raising himself to importance, he will not only tarnish, with calumny, the most unspotted characters, but will even plunge a dagger in the breast of a rival friend, or brother. Such beings are devoid of virtue and, therefore, incapable of enjoying friendship.

An amiable lady, possessing a large fortune, but not the charms of beauty, is beset by an alluring sycophant. She thinks him an ardent, though forward, lover—but, alas! she is grossly deceived. Her property, not her person, is the fascinating object of his attention. He is an avaricious wretch, who longs to hoard her wealth in his own coffers; or a vile spendthrift, who intends to dissipate it in licentious revels. Such a creature is not the subject of love. Escape his wiles, ye fair; for, believe me, a brazen statue would make thee a preferable companion. If a virtuous man seek a bosom friend, a partner for life, to share his joys and sorrows, let him not select a girl nurtured in indolence and folly; or a coquette, who wins the smile, but wounds the feelings of every admirer. Such a female he may find, in courtship a *goddess*, but in wedlock, a *flattern*, or a *Fury*.

Where true, and mutual friendship exists, there must be a sameness of disposition, and a harmony of sentiment. The baser kind of self-love is, in a measure, removed. For, it is a species of benevolence, it is a desire to increase, not only our own, but each other's felicity, which brings into union kindred hearts; and it is a reciprocation of kind offices that renders the union durable as life.

The gambler or the libertine, who riots in lawless pleasures, may boast of friendship,—but the deluded mortal,

'Is like an idiot gazing on a brook;
He leaps at stars, and fastens in the mud;
At pleasure grasps and sinks in infamy.'

W.

How empty learning and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life and guides the heart.
YOUNG.

Importance of RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

TO worship Deity according to the dictates of conscience, is a privilege, which no civil legislature has a right to abridge. Nevertheless, it has been frequently done, and sad indeed were the consequences. Millions of lives has intolerant bigotry sacrificed on her unhallowed altars. Multitudes of those celestial inhabitants, who adoringly prostrate themselves before the throne of God, fell victims to spiritual despotism.

Where different religions are not tolerated, their principles will never be thoroughly investigated. Few men are independent and daring enough to search after truth, when the belief of it is declared heresy, and those who believe it are anathematised with the thunder of the Vatican. Thousands, who would have done honor to the cause of science and religion, have been overawed and restrained from their inquiries by the *awful bellowing* of popish bulls. Even where Romish priestcraft has not bound men fast in chains of superstitious ignorance, a religion established by civil law, has had a fatal tendency to damp the ardor, which unembarrassed minds, have manifested in pursuit of knowledge. The science of theology is so intimately connected with other sciences, that, like the members of the human body, when one suffers, the rest sympathise in its distress. Facts evince the truth of these observations.—While men groaned under the pressure of religious intolerance, literary advances were scarcely perceptible. But no sooner was a more catholic spirit introduced into the christian world than scientific rays were diffused over the eastern hemisphere. Each revolving year witnessed some important and interesting discovery. What visionary enthusiast of the fifteenth, or even of the sixteenth century, had an imagination sufficiently glowing to have anticipated all the golden advantages, we enjoy? What an increase of means, conducive to human happiness! Improvements in philosophy and astronomy have ennobled the minds of men, and expanded their views of the Divine Character. Instead of altars, emphatically inscribed to 'the unknown God,' houses for public worship have been erected, to which the enlightened and devout followers of Christ have resorted to hold communion with their God. The gospel, in its simplicity, has had a more extensive spread, and many, who long groped in darkness, now rejoice under the influence of its pacific principles.

Where men are compelled to worship in a particular, prescribed mode, it serves to alienate their minds from attending to religion in any form. Men are free, moral agents, and whenever their liberty is abridged, they feel themselves much injured; and are liable to become exceedingly, and unreasonably, prejudiced against that, which had influence in restraining them from the enjoyment of what, they esteemed their lawful prerogatives. People are naturally quite too much disposed to neglect and trifle with religion; every thing therefore, which tends to make them think unfavorably of it, should be most cautiously avoided.

DISCOS TANTALOS.

"How fickle fortune blasts the hopes of man!"

IN the book of nature, we behold prosperity, or adversity, pleasure or pain stamped, in glaring characters, on every page. Here one ascends the summit of glory, and receives the smiles and plaudits of surrounding admirers, while another is left to toil through life in obscurity, and finally, with the general rubbish of the world, is swept from the stage of action, unknown and unlamented, by the great family of man.

When innocence and peace reigned undisturbed in this lower world, and guilt was a stranger in the human breast, then prosperity smiled alike upon all the works of nature, and the heart of man leapt for joy, at the prospect of pleasures unbounded as his desires, and perfect as the hand of Deity could form. But now unhappily the scene is changed. The smiles of fortune seldom diffuse gladness, the earth, which was once the native residence of happiness and enjoyment, is now the seat of wretchedness; and the sun, which in the morning of man's existence arose with resplendent brightness, is now overcast with the clouds of anxiety and sorrow.

One day the riches of the East may be filling our stores, and pretended friends crouding around and with all the fawnings of sycophants converting even our virtues into vices; the next we may be left to mourn unheeded, the deceit which lurks in the human breast, and which fatal experience has too late taught us to shun, as the destructive rock on which thousands are daily splitting. When prosperity invites to drink deep at the fountain of pleasure, then indeed, does nature appear dressed in her loveliest attire, and every object inspires the mind with fresh joys and delight.

Regardless of futurity, man, though endowed with reason and understanding, sports away the important moments of life, for empty trifles and vain amusements, and like the worthless insect basking in the summer's sun, enjoys the smiles of fortune now, without considering that the next hour may behold him involved in wretchedness, and doomed to suffer all the miseries of poverty, infamy and shame.

Adversity calls the latent principles of virtue into action, by which the frowns of fortune are endured with pleasure, and the darkest scenes of life are no longer insupportable to the human mind. Virtue and religion, the main

pillars on which reſt the fair fabric of ſocial happineſs and enjoyment, tend no leſs to brighten the ſcenes of proſperity, than to diſpel the dark and gloomy clouds of adverſity.

S.

SATIRE.

TO laſh prevailing vices, to correct the errors, and to preſerve the morals of mankind are proper objects for exerciſing the genius of the ſatiriſt. He is, with truth, ſaid to aid the cauſe of the legiſlator, and the divine. In this reſpect, indeed, he poſſeſſes a ſuperiority, that he can ſeize the *criminal himſelf*, and drag him, ſtript of diſguiſe, before the tribunal of the public; whereas, *they* can direct the force of their authority only againſt *crimes* and *errors* in the abſtract. The imputation is, in the one caſe, particular and pointed; in the other, general, and therefore, ſeldom felt, for want of application. Thoſe, who are moſt depraved, dread the ignominy of being *perſonally* expoſed, as examples of villany, and as objects of the ſcorn and deriſion of mankind; and the declaration is not incredible, that the cloſet of the ſatiriſt has ofttimes been more formidable to the vicious and the abandoned, than the pulpit, or the ſtate-houſe.

But ſatire, which ever ought to be deemed ſacred to virtue and to truth, has ſometimes been profaned. In the hands of the worthleſs and the wicked, it has been made the vehicle of ſlander and abuſe; it has been perverted into an engine for the deſtruction of well-earned fame, for the ſubverſion of order, government, and religion. But, ſociety has not much to fear from theſe ephemeral inſects. They appear, and they *buzz* around the faireſt forms; but, they are harmleſs, for they are *not armed* with ſtings. Therſites may brawl for a moment; but, he will ſhrink back at the rebuke of Ulyſſes.—The true, legitimate ſatiriſt is one, whoſe conduct is unexceptionable, whoſe mind is enlightened, whoſe language is energetic and ſilencing. A man of ſuch a character, and ſuch endowments is qualified to do important ſervices to his country.

In the opinion of a very learned man, and a very nervous writer, (I refer to the author of the Purſuits of Literature,) there have exiſted but ſix poets, who could, with truth, be denominated favorites of the ſatiric muſe. Three of theſe, Horace, Perſius and Juvenal, lived in the courts of the Roman Emperors; the fourth was Boileau, who was familiar with Louis XIV. of France; the other two, Dryden and Pope, appeared in the Auguſtan age of Great-Britain. Theſe luminaries aroſe to give ſplendor not to their own country only; they aroſe to illuminate the world. They have gone down in regular ſucceſſion; but, the luſtre, which they imparted, will never be extinguiſhed.—Horace was in his glory in the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar, at whoſe table he was companion with the Mantuan bard. Nature gave him a jovial diſpoſition, which his attachment to the philoſophy of Epicurus ſtrengthened and confirmed. Although he ſometimes indulges in trifling eccentricities, yet he generally appears the decided friend of virtue. Horace communicates his moral inſtructions with a pleaſantry, eaſe, and good nature, which are peculiar to himſelf. He does not come forward with the ſternneſs and ſeverity of a profeſſed moraliſt; it ſeems to be his intention to *laugh* men out of their vices. He would correct their morals, by ridiculing their follies.

During the reigns of Nero and Domitian, the virtues of the Romans ſunk to a very low ebb. All manner of wickedneſs prevailed. A general corruption ran through all ranks of men; even the Emperors themſelves were guilty of the moſt ſcandalous enormities. In theſe degenerate times appeared Perſius and Juvenal. Perſius was a ſtoic in ſentiment, and he wrote with ſpirit, with dignity, and with boldneſs, not ſparing the crimes of Nero himſelf. He died in early life. Juvenal, on the other hand, "lived to a good old age," and compoſed his ſatires in the decline of life. He found many, very many, who deſerved to ſmart under the laſh, and he uſed it with no ſparing hand. He wrote with the intelligence of a man of erudition, with the firmneſs and aſſurance of one, who felt a proper ſenſe of the reſpect due to "aged experience," and with a ſeverity, which his indignation at the crimes of his country inſpired. The poet of Aquinum, who, at a period of general depravity, preſerved the ſentiments, and maintained the dignity of an old Roman, yet ſpeaks, and to our own comprehenſion, in the elegant tranſlations of Mr. Gifford. In Juvenal expired the laſt of the Roman poets. The period, which ſucceeded, was a period of ignorance. It was the night-time with literature. Boileau was among the firſt, who broke through the thick darkneſs, and he ſhone with a ſplendor of his own. "He wielded the pen" of ſatire, with a ſacred regard to truth, to juſtice, and to philoſophy. He confounded the pretendedly wiſe; he reclaimed many, who had wandered from the path of rectitude. He is entitled to the love of man.—Dryden and Pope are acknowledged, wherever poetry is known. For me to attempt to communicate ſplendor to them, would be like attempting to increaſe, with a taper, the light of mid-day.

It would, however, be injuſtice to merit, to omit, in the preſent eſſay, "the honorable mention" of three writers in ſatiric poetry, who have graced our own days. The firſt of them is William Gifford, Eſq. His diſpoſition is amiable, his learning is various, his poetry is eaſy, natural, and piercing. He preſents himſelf before the public, with the independence of an upright man, who confides, with a modeſt aſſurance, in his own abilities. He aroſe at the very time, when juſt ſuch a man as himſelf was wanted. To uſe his own words, he

———————"*was born,*
"*To brand obtruſive ignorance with ſcorn.*"

Not long ſince, there appeared in England a hoſt of paltry, inſignificant ſcribblers, ſuch as Della Cruſca, Bell, Jerningham, &c. who were continually haraſſing the public with elegies, ſonnets and panegyrics addreſſed to each other, which were written with ſuch contemptible fooliſhneſs, with ſuch inſufferable ſtupidity, that none but themſelves, could have patience to read them. There was another claſs of men, among whom were Peter Pindar and Anthony Paſquin, who arrogantly came forth, with the avowed purpoſe of ridiculing all religion, government, and law. Theſe, and ſuch as theſe, are the ſubjects of Mr. Gifford's ſatire in the Baviad and Mæviad, and in ſome other of his writings. He expoſed himſelf to the ſhafts of their wrath, malice, and revenge; but he needed no ſhield, for the weapons, they uſed, were impotent, like themſelves, and were brandiſhed by a nerveleſs arm.

The author of the Purſuits of Literature takes a wide range in the field of criticiſm. He deſcants upon almoſt every writer and actor of any conſiderable eminence, who has appeared in the laſt forty years, and he cenſures, or applauds without intereſt, or fear. If he ſometimes errs, his errors are thoſe of the underſtanding. He is open to conviction, and he corrects with alacrity. He writes with a ſtriking conſolidation of thought, and diſplays, in every page of his work, the correct and verſatile ſcholar, the able critic, the warm advocate for virtue, the friend of his country, and the friend of man. In the garb of the ſatiriſt, he is bold, pointed, and ſevere. He exerts his power with a vigor, which he intends ſhall render the blow effectual.—The laſt writer in poetic ſatire, whom I will mention, is one of our own country; I mean Mr. Feſſenden, author of Terrible Tractoration. In the flaſhes of genuine wit, which appear, in rapid ſucceſſion through this poem, there is diſcoverable the man of genius, the proficient in ſciences, the ſupporter of merit, and the enemy to knavery, avarice and pride. He does honor to the American muſe.

X.

—SELECTED—

AFFECTION.

THE affection of the parent bird to its young, was never more forcibly diſplayed than in the following inſtance:—Laſt week an unfeeling boy purloined a throſtle's neſt, near Rockliffe, and exultingly bore away his prize towards this city, where he lives. The dam, who had recently quitted her young, was not ignorant of the theft, but with unceaſing ſolicitude, purſued them ſtep by ſtep. The boy and his companion perceiving this, repeatedly put down the neſt, which ſhe as conſtantly dropped into, and maintained poſſeſſion until almoſt graſped with the hand.

———"O what paſſions then,
"What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
"The watchful ſongſtreſs felt!"

Thus they travelled on together, until the boy reached home, when he depoſited the neſt within the houſe.—The diſconſolate dam watching an opportunity ſprung in at the window with as much alacrity as any other bird would have ruſhed out! Again ſhe claimed her progeny, and could not be driven away.—*Liverpool pap.*

FEAR.—*From Montaigne's Eſſays.*

I AM not a good naturaliſt, and ſcarce know by what ſprings fear operates in us; but

this I know, that it is a ſtrange paſſion, and the phyſicians ſay, that there is not one of all the paſſions that ſooner dethrones our judgment from its natural ſeat. Verily, I have ſeen a great many people whom fear have made frantic, and it is certain, that in perſons the moſt compoſed it creates terrible confuſion while the fit is upon them. I omit the vulgar ſort of people, to whom it one while repreſents their great grandſires riſen out of their graves in their ſhrowds, another while *kobgoblins ſpectres*, and *chimæras ;* but even amongſt the ſoldiers, who ought to be poſſeſſed with the leaſt ſhare of it, how often have they miſtaken a flock of harmleſs ſheep for armed ſquadrons, reeds and bulruſhes for pikes and lances, friends for enemies, and the white croſs of *France* for the red one of *Spain ?* In 1527, when the Duke of *Bourbon* took *Rome*, an enſign, who was upon guard at the *Bourg St. Pierre*, was ſo frightened at the very firſt alarm, that he threw himſelf out of the breach with the colours in his hand, and ran directly from the town upon the enemy, thinking all the while that he was retreating towards the inward defences of the city, till at laſt, ſeeing the Duke of Bourbon's men draw up to face the beſieged, who they thought were making a ſally, he with much ado found his miſtake, and then turning about he retreated through the ſame breach through which he came out, but not till he had advanced above a quarter of a mile into the field againſt the beſiegers. It did not fall out quite ſo happily for captain Julius's enſign, when St Pol was taken from us by the Count de Bures, and M. de Reu, for he being ſo very much ſcared as to throw himſelf out of the town, colours and all, through a port-hole, he was cut to pieces by the beſiegers : and, at the ſame ſiege, very remarkable was the fright, which ſo ſeized, contracted, and froze up the heart of a gentleman, that he ſunk down ſtone dead in the breach without any wound.

The like paſſion does ſometimes operate upon a multitude altogether. In one of Germanicus's encounters with the Germans, two great parties were ſo ſcared, that they fled two different ways, each running to the place from which the other ſet out. Sometimes it adds wings to the heels, as it did to the two firſt, and ſometimes nails the feet to the ground, and fetters them ; as we read of the Emperor Theophilus, who, in a battle wherein he was defeated by the Agaranes, was ſo aſtoniſhed and ſtupified, that he had no power to fly, ſo much does fear dread even the means of ſafety, till ſuch time as Manuel, one of the chief generals of his army, having jogged and ſhook him ſo, as to rouſe him out of his trance, ſaid to him, *Sir, if you will not follow me, I will kill you ; for it is better that you ſhould loſe your life, than by being taken priſoner to loſe your Empire.*

Fear then expreſſes its utmoſt force, when, after it has deprived us of all ſenſe, both of duty and honor, it makes us act like deſperadoes. In the firſt fair battle which the Romans loſt againſt Hannibal, in the Conſulſhip of Sempronius, a body of at leaſt 10,000 foot, which had taken a fright, ſeeing no other eſcape for their cowardice, forced their way through the bulk of the enemy's army, which they penetrated with prodigious fury, and made a great ſlaughter of the Carthaginians, by that means purchaſing an ignominious flight, as dearly as they might have done a glorious victory.

LAW CASE.

Frankfort, (Ken.) Sept. 29.

On Monday laſt, a ſpecial term of the federal court, for the trial of Irving and Alcorn, charged with paſſing counterfeit bank notes, commenced in this town.

Irving had given bail to a conſiderable amount, (we believe 10,000 dollars) but did not appear, and conſequently forfeited his recognizance. The court proceeded to the trial of Wm. Alcorn, who was found guilty, and ſentenced to five years impriſonment and hard labour in the penitentiary houſe.

The priſoners defence was conducted with much ability by his counſel, Meſſrs. Talbot and Woodſon—and the proſecution found an able and induſtrious advocate in Mr. Davis.

In the courſe of the trial a very ingenious argument took place, on a point of law, which may prove very important in its conſequences, and ſurely will not be unattended to, by the the legiſlature of the union, with whom alone the power reſts to remove the inconveniences which may ariſe from the deciſion.

The counſel for the priſoner denied the competency of any evidence to prove the ſignature of the Preſident of the bank, ſave that of the caſhier, who was the ſubſcribing witneſs, and conſequently the beſt evidence the caſe would admit of. The court received the arguments and authorities produced by the counſel, in ſupport of this idea to be concluſive, and therefore rejected all teſtimony reſpecting the ſignature of the preſident of the bank, except the caſhier's, which being the higheſt evidence, the law required that in criminal trials it ſhould be produced. The court further declared, that the preſident himſelf was an intereſted, and conſequently an incompetent witneſs in caſes of this nature, unleſs releaſed by the holder of the note. The caſhier not being preſent, the proſecutor loſt this important link in the chain of evidence, and the difficulty of convicting the priſoner was much increaſed thereby. The court, however, admitted ſuch other teſtimony as went to ſhew the difference exiſting between the genuine and ſpurious notes : which was very ſatisfactorily proven in a variety of inſtances by the evidence of one of the principal clerks in the bank of the United States, (ſent out to attend the trial) and that of ſeveral other gentlemen, to whom the notes had been offered—ſome of whom were preſent when the priſoner was apprehended. It was further proved, that the accuſed had attempted to paſs the notes, after he had been appriſed by good judges that they were bad.

The jury gave in their verdict late on Thurſday evening ; ſoon after which the court pronounced ſentence ; having previouſly refuſed a new trial on the application of his counſel.

The priſoner is ſaid to be poor, and we underſtand has a large family of ſmall children ; for which reaſon the court refrained from inflicting a fine.

FARRAGO.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. W. ſhall have a place in the next Tablet.

If *Cincinnatus* is faulty in any reſpect, it is for having too much ornament. With the omiſſion of a few local remarks, we think his piece will be highly deſerving of peruſal.

We recognize with pleaſure the name of DIEGO. His Eſſays, in which a cool reviſal would have made ſome trifling alterations, ſhall ſoon be preſented to our readers.

We have teſted the goodneſs of R's production by the *Fire Ordeal*, and found it could not endure ſo *warm* a trial.

S. F's communication has but juſt arrived.

TO NEWSPAPER EDITORS.

We obſerve that a number of compoſitions have lately been copied from the Tablet into other papers, and exhibited there as original productions. In one inſtance the worthy Editor has not only omitted to mention the Tablet and the ſignature of the writer, but made ſuch eſſential alterations in the compoſition, that the author would ſay—

' The verſes, friend, thou' print'ſt ' are mine ;
But as thou' print'ſt ' them they may paſs for thine.'

Several *gentlemen* Editors have extracted from the Tablet and given honorable credit.

MARRIED,

At Boſton, Samuel Jackſon Preſcott, Eſq. of Groton, Maſſ. to Miſs Margaret Hiller, daughter of J. Hiller, Eſq.

At Mont Vernon, Mr. William Marble, *(a hard companion,)* of Milford, to Miſs Mary Hutchinſon, of the former place.

At Plainfield, the Rev. John Lord, of Waſhington, N. H. to Miſs Sally Chaſe, of Corniſh.

In this town, Mr. Ebenezer Knapp, to Mrs. Irene Wright—Mr. Thomas Peabody, to Miſs Elizabeth Willes—all of Hanover.

'Tis the kind hand of death unlocks the chain,
Which clogs the noble and aſpiring ſoul,
And then the chriſtian lives.

DIED,

At Albany, much regretted, Gen. Philip Schuyler.

At Boſton, Mr. Ed. Jones, aged 20.

At Groton, Hon. Oliver Preſcott, Eſq. M. D. A. A. S. and M. M. S. S.

At Salem, Capt. Jona. Lambert, aged 62.

At Hopkinton, Mrs. Martha Maxſon, aged 100 years, and 14 days.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HENRY, THE EXILE'S ADIEU.

I leave you my country: one filial adieu
Is all, that I have to bestow;
Yet where, tell me where, when forsaken by you,
A heart-broken exile can go?

Farewell, thou lov'd village, where sported my youth,
When rapture enliven'd each scene,
And passions as pure as the pages of truth
Were warm in each heart on the green.

Honor'd Parents, dear Brothers, and Sisters, farewell,
Desist for your HENRY to mourn;
Where I wander in future, alas! who can tell?
I go, but must never return.

Thro' whatever climes I may happen to rove,
Unfriended, unpitied, forlorn,
For you shall my prayers to the Father of love
Rise pure as the breathings of morn.

A. Z.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY DRYDEN.

The golden age was first; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew;
And, with a native bent, did good pursue.
Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere:
Needless was written-law, where none oppress;
The law of man was written in his breast:
No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain-trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor mote, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound;
Nor swords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.

PICTURE OF A GOOD MAN.

By Young.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies,
Like ships at sea, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! What higher praise,
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court; and he, his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent piece,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While parti-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than theirs: Where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity!
What makes them only smile, makes him adore;
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire in his balance weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe; peace.
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no-joys end where his full feast begins:
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, his alone:
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was yesterday complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

From the PALLADIUM.

From the Manufactory of SIMON SPUNKEY, ESQ.

SIMON figureth in your polite bon-ton poetry, somewhat after the manner of Mrs. RADCLIFF, in a delicate

DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

BEHOLD, my fair, the ruddy morn
Anticipate the day,
What georgeous tints the sky adorn,
And gild the azure way!

The sombre mists, which gloomy Night
Had gather'd in the vale,
Are borne aloft, and wing their flight
Before the rising gale—

Now chang'd to clouds of varied hue,
In airy mazes dance,
Flitting athwart the welkin blue,
They gem the gay expanse.

See now the Sun advancing higher,
His full effulgent rays;
The mountain forest seems on fire,
Amid his fervid blaze,

The plumy tenant of the grove
Sits perch'd on yonder spray,
And serenades his little love
With sweetest roundelay,

To taste the pleasures of the morn,
Is bliss without alloy,
Though Fashion's drowsy votarious scorn
To quaff the cup of joy.

But rise, my Teraminta, rise,
Your matchless charms display,
And let those rapture-beaming eyes
Add lustre to the day.

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

HERE *cool* the *ashes* of MULCIBER GRIM,
Late of this Parish.... *Blacksmith*;
He was born in *Seacole-lane*, and bred at *Hammersmith*..
From his youth upwards he was much addicted to *Vices*,
and was often guilty of *Forgery*....
Having some talents for *Irony*.
He therefore produced many *heats* in his neighbourhood
which he usually increased by *blowing up the Coals*...
This rendered him so unpopular,
that when he found it necessary to adopt *cooling* measures, his conduct was generally
accompanied with a *hiss*....
Though he sometimes proved a *warm* friend,
yet where his interest was concerned,
He made it a constant rule to *strike while the iron was hot*,
Regardless of the injury he might do thereby:
And when he had
any thing of moment upon the *Anvil*,
He seldom failed to *turn* it to his own advantage.
Among numberless instances that might be given of the cruelty of his disposition, it need only be mentioned,
that he was the means
of *hanging* many of the innocent family of the *Bells*,
under the idle pretence of keeping them from *Jangling*...and put great numbers of the *Hearts of Steel*,
into the *hottest Flames*,
merely (as he declared,) to *soften* the obduracy
of their *Tempers*.
At length, after passing a long life, in the commission
of these *black actions*,
His *fire* being exhausted,
and his *Bellows* worn out,
he *fled* off to that place, where only the *fervid ordeal* of
his own *Forge* can be exceeded;
declaring, with his last *puff*...
That...." Man is born to trouble, as the *Sparks* fly upwards."

EPIGRAM.

AT threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad,
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

Hanover, N. H. Nov. 28, 1804.
PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY,
BY M. Davis.